

~~NOT~~ TO BE TAKEN AWAY.

The Story of the Cross

By the late Rev. EDWARD MUNRO,
Vicar of St. John's, Leeds.

I.—The Question.

In His own raiment clad—
With His Blood dyed;
Women walk sorrowing
By His side.

Heavy that Cross to Him—
Weary the weight—
One Who will help Him waits
At the gate.

See! they are travelling
On the same road—
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.

Oh, whither wandering,
Bear they that Tree?
He Who first carries it—
Who is He?

II.—The Answer.

Follow to Calvary—
Tread where He trod—
He Who for ever was
Son of God.

You who would love Him stand,
Gaze at His face;
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

As swift the moments fly
Through the blest week,
Hear the great Story the
Cross will speak.

Is there no beauty to
"You who pass by,"
In that lone Figure which
Marks the sky?

III.—The Story of the Cross.

On the Cross lifted up
Thy face we scan—
Bearing that Cross for us,
Son of Man.

Thorns form Thy Diadem,
Rough wood Thy Throne—
For us Thy Blood is shed—
Us alone.

No pillow under Thee,
No rest Thy Head—
Only the splintered Cross
Is Thy bed.

Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet,
Thy Side the spear;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

Shadows of midnight fall
Though it is day—
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.

Loud is Thy bitter cry;
Sunk on Thy breast,
Hangeth Thy bleeding Head
Without rest.

Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee—
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?

Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Call'st Thine own.

I see Thy title, Lord,
Inscribed above—
"Jesus of Nazareth,"
King of Love.

What, O my Saviour!
Here did'st Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me?

IV.—The Appeal from the Cross.

Child of My grief and pain—
Watched by My Love—
I came to call thee to
Realms of love.

I saw thee wandering,
Far off from Me;
In love I seek for thee—
Do not flee.

For Thee My Blood I shed—
For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee—
For Mine own.

Weep not for My grief,
Child of My love—
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.

V.—Our Cry to Jesus.

Oh, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Thro' the deep shades of life
To the goal.

Yes, let Thy Cross be borne
Each day by me—
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.

Lord, if Thou only wilt
Make me Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

Grant thro' each day of life
To stand by Thee;
With Thee, when morning breaks,
Ever to be.

CHURCH STORES,
Daking House, Rawson Place, Sydney.